MAGAZINE **The Bridgeport Times** SECTION

"THE WHITE MOLL"

—BY—

FRANK L. PACKARD

Appearing every day in serial form in the Magazine Section of The Times.

(Continued from Saturday)

She obeyed him, swinging at arm' length. She felt his hands fold about her in a girm grasp as she let go her hold, and she caught her breath suddenly, she did not know why, and felt the hot blood sweep her face—and then she was standing on the ground.

"Now!" he whispered. "Together!"

They sped around the corner of the tenement. A yell from Danglar followed them. An echoing yell from above answered—and then a fusilade of abortive shots, and the sound as of boot heels clatterings on the iron rungs of the fire escape; and then, more faintly, for they were putting distance behind them as fast as they could run, an excited outburst of profanity and exclamations.

"They won't follow!" panted the Adventurer. "Those shots of theirs outdoors will have alarmed the police, and they'll try and get Danglar free first. It's lucky your shot inside wasn't heard by the patrolman on the beat. I was afraid of that. But we're safe now—from Danglar's crowd, at least."

But still they ran. They crossed an intersecting street, and continued on along the lane; then swerving into the next intersecting street, moderated their pace to a rapid walk—and stopped finally only as Rhoda Gray drew suddenly into the shadows of another alleyway, and held out her hand. They were both safe now, as he had said. And there were so many reasons why, though her resolution faltered a little, she should go the rest of the way alone. She was not sure that she trusted this strange "gentleman," who was a thief with his pockets crammed even now with the money that had lured him almost to his death; but, too, she was not altogether sure that she distrusted him. But all that was secondary. She must, as soon as she could, get back to Gypsy Nan's garret. Like that other night, she dared not take the risk that Danglar, by any chance, return there—and find her gone after what had just happened. The man would be beside himself with fury, suspicious of everything—and suspicion would be fatal in its consequences for her. And so she must go. And she could not become Gypsy Nan again with the Adventurer looking on!

"We part here," she said a little unsteadily. "Good night!"

"Oh, I say, Miss Gray!" he protested quickly. "You don't mean that! Why, look here, I haven't had a chance to tell you what I think, or what I feel, about what you've done tonight—for me."

She shook her head.

"There is nothing you need say," she answered quietly. "We are only quits. You have done quite as much for me."

"But, see here, Miss Gray!" he pleaded. "Can't we come to some understanding? We seem to have a jolly lot in common. Is it quite necessary, really necessary, that you should keep me off at arm's-length? Couldn't you let down the bars just a little? Couldn't you tell me, for instance, where I could find you in case of—real necessity?"

She shook her head again.

"No," she said. "It is impossible."

He drew a little closer. A sudden earnestness deepened his voice, made it rasp a little, as though it were not wholly within control.

"And suppose, Miss Gray, that I refuse to leave you, or to let you go, now that I have you here, unless you give me more of your confidence? What then?"

"The other night," she said slowly, "you informed me, among other things, that you were a gentleman. I believed the other things."

He did not answer for a moment—and then he smiled whimsically.

"You score, Miss Gray," he murmured.

"Good night, then!" she said again. "I will go by the alley here; you by the street."

"No! Wait!" he said gravely. "If nothing will change your mind—and I shall not be importunate, for, as we have met three times now through the same peculiar chain of circumstances, I know we shall meet again—I have something to tell you, before you go. As you already know, I went to Gypsy Nan's the night after I first saw you, because I felt you needed help. I went there in the hope that, since she had tricked Rorke in your behalf, you would find means of communicating with her again. But all that is entirely changed now. Your participation in that Hayden-Bond affair the other night makes Gypsy Nan's place the last in all New York to which you should go."

Rhoda Gray stared through the semi-darkness, suddenly startled, searching the Adventurer's face.

"What do you mean?" she demanded quickly.

"Just this," he answered. "That where before I hoped you would go there, I have spent nearly all the time since then in haunting the vicinity of Gypsy Nan's house to warn you away in case you should try to reach her."

"I—I don't understand," she said a little uncertainly.

"It is simple enough," he said. "Gypsy Nan is now one of those you have most to fear. Gypsy Nan is merely a disguise. She is no more Gypsy Nan than you are."

Rhode Gray caught her breath.

"Not Gypsy Nan!" she repeated—and fought to keep her voice in control. "Who is she, then?"

The Adventurer laughed shortly.

"She is quite closely connected with that gentleman we left airing himself on the fire escape," he said grimly. "Gypsy Nan is Danglar's wife."

It was very strange, very curious—the alleyway seemed suddenly to be revolving around and around, and it seemed to bring her a giddiness and a faintness. The Adventurer was standing there before her, but she did not see him any more; she could only see, as from a brink upon which she tottered, a gulf, abysmal in its horror, that yawned before her.

"Thank you—thank you for the warning." Was that her voice speaking so calmly and dispassionately? "I will remember it. But I must go now. Good-night again!"

He said something. She did not know what. She only knew that she was hurrying along the alleyway now, and that he had made no effort to stop her, and that she was grateful to him for that, an dthat her composure, strained to the breaking point, would nave given away if she had remained with him another instant. Danglar's wife! It was dark here in the alleyway, and she did not know where it led to. But did it matter? And she stumbled as she went along. But it was not the physical inability to see that made her stumble — it was a brain-blindness that fogged her soul itself His wife! Gypsy Nan was Danglar's wife.

—XI—

SOME OF THE LESSER BREED

Danglar's wife! It had been a night of horror; a night without sleep; a night, after the guttering candle had gone out, when the blackness of the garret possessed added terrors created by an imagination which she could not control. She could have fled from it, creaming in panic-stricken hysteria — but there had been no other place as safe as that was. Safe! The word seemed to reach the uttermost depths of irony. Safe! Well, it was true, wasn't it?

She had not wanted to return there; her soul itself had revolted against it; but she had dared to do nothing else. And all through that night, huddled on the edge of the cot bed, her fingers clinging tenaciously to her revolver as though afraid for even an instant to relinquish it from her gasp, listening, listening, always listening for a footstep that might come up from that dark hall below, the footstep that would climax all the terrors that had surged upon her, her mind had kept on reiterating, always reiterating those words of the Adventurer — "Gypsy Nan is Danglar's wife."

And they were still with her, those words. Daylight had come again, and passed again, and it was evening once more; but those words remained, insensible to change, immutable in their foreboding. And Rhoda Gray, as Gypsy Nan, shuddered now as she scuffled along a shabby street deep in the heart of the East Side. She was Danglar's wife—by proxy. At dawn that morning when the gray had come creeping into the miserable attic through the small and dirty window panes, she had fallen on her knees and thanked God she had been spared that footstep. It was strange! She had poured out her soul in passionate thankfulness then that Danglar had not come—and now she was deliberately on her way to seek Danglar himself! But the daylight had done more than disperse the actual, physical darkness of the past night; it had brought, if not a measure of relief, at least a sense of guidance, and the final decision,perilous though it was, which she meant now to put into execution.

There was no other way—unless she were willing to admit defeat, to give up everything, her own good name, her father's name, to run from it all and live henceforth in hiding in some obscure place far away, branded in the life she would have left behind her as a despicable criminal and thief. And she could not, would not, do this while her intuition, at least, inspired her with the faith to believe that there was still a chance of clearing herself. It was the throw of the dice, perhaps—but there was no other way. Danglar, and those with him, were at the bottom of the crime of which she was held guilty. She could not go on as she had been doing, merely in the hope of stumbling upon some clew that would serve to exonerate her. There was not time enough for that. Danglar's trap set for herself and the Adventurer last night in old Nicky Viner's room proved that. And the fact that the woman who had originally masqueraded as Gypsy Nan—as she, Rhoda Gray, was masquerading now—was Danglar's wife, proved it a thousandfold more. She could no longer remain passive, arguing with herself that it took all her wits and all her efforts to maintain herself in the role of Gypsy Nan, which temporarily was all that stood between her and prison bars. To do so meant the certainty of disaster sooner or later, and if it meant that, the need for immediate action of an offensive sort was imperative.

And so her mind was made up. Her only chance was to find her way into the full intimacy of the criminal band of which Danglar was apparently the head; to search out its liar and its personnel; to reach to the heart of it; to know Danglar's private movements, and to discover where he lived so that she might watch him. It surely was not such a hopeless task! True, she knew by name and sight scarcely more than three of this crime clique, but at least she had a starting point from which to work. There was Shluker's junk shop where she had turned the tables on Danglar and Skeeny on the night they had planned to make the Sparrow their pawn. It was obvious, therefore, that Shluker himself, the proprietor of the junk shop, was one of the organization. She was going to Shluker's now.

Rhoda Gray halted suddenly, and stared wonderingly a little way up the block ahead of her. As though by magic a crowd was collecting around the doorway of a poverty-stricken, tumble-down frame house that made the corner of an alleyway. And where but an instant before the street's jastling humanity had been immersed in its wrangling with the push-cart men who lined the curb, the carts were now deserted by every one save their owners, whose caution exceeded their curiosity—and the crowd grew momentarily larger in front of the house.

(To Be Continued)

Mrs. Sanger to Girdle Globe

By ANNIE G. PORRITT

Managing Editor Birth Control Review

In spite of agitation about difficulties in securing her passport, and in having it visèd by the Jananese consul, Mrs. Margaret Sanger started on schedule time for her visit to the Orient—a visit which will mean a trip around the world before she again reaches New York. The world-wide discussion concerning the possibility of passport or visé being denied her, shows the importance of her mission in the minds of both her opponents and her friends. That the foremost advocate of the voluntary restriction of population should be about to carry her message to the Orient—to the section of the world where human multiplication is most rapid and uncontrolled—foreshadows a new era in diplomacy and politics—as well as a new phase of civilization.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger

Mrs. Sanger's first stop is Honolulu where lectures have been arranged for her. From Honolulu she will proceed to Japan. Lectures here are being arranged by the group of Japanese progressives connected with the publication of the magazine "Kaizo." Japan has already learned to lessen her formerly enormous death rate by the adoption of modern sanitation, hygiene and medicine. The group that brought about these changes now desires to effect a civilized balance of population by the lowering of the birth rate. In conformity with this idea, this group asked Mrs. Sanger to point out the way to attain their ideal.

While in Japan, Mrs. Sanger will be the guest of Baroness Ishimoto, daughter in law of the ex-Minister of War.

The first International Birth Control Congress, which has been arranged by the Malthusian League of Great Britain, is to be held in London July 7-11. Mrs. Sanger will attend this Conference, where she will head the delegation from the American Birth Control League. In this delegation will be Mrs. Ann Kennedy, Executive Secretary of the American Birth Control League; Miss Clara Louise Rowe, and Mrs. Annie G. Porritt, Managing Editor of the Birth Control Review.

On Mrs. Sanger's return to this country it is planned to have a huge mass meeting in New York. In the meantime a mass meeting will be held in the Lexington Opera House, and will be a vindication of the right to hold such meetings—a right which has been fully acknowledged in the hearings before Commissioner Hirshfield concerning the action of the police in breaking up a meeting called for November 13.

The outcome of these hearings is practically the serving of notice on the police authorities all over the United States, that there is no justification in law for interference with the peaceable holding of meetings to discuss the policy of Birth Control or the amendment of the laws which now prevent the giving of information.

WHEN GOLD WAS WASTED!

Gold-workings, which many explorers contend are the remnants of "King Solomon's mines" in the Biblical land of Ophir, have been discovered in Rhodesia, Union of South Africa. Evidences of great waste in gold have been uncovered in the search, showing that the ancient miners were careless of their wealth which must have been enormous. In spite of the vast fortunes which doubtless have been extracted in the way of precious metal, the record is being exceeded in modern scientific mining, for Rhodesia is among the foremost gold-producing countries of the world.

The auriferous wealth must have been so great and so near the surface that the ancient gold-diggers mined but lightly to take away their fortunes. For every ten square miles of Rhodesia there is an ancient mine, which means that 75,000 old holes have been found, showing that tremendous treasure was taken out. Experts assert that the ancient smelting furnaces are still easy to recognize, being sunk low in the ground with their blowpipes made of the finest granite powder cement.

Birds, Our Friends

Insect Destruction

Remember the birds this spring. The possibilities of the increase of forest insects are so appalling that potent forces to keep them within bounds are indispensable; otherwise, insects might destroy all forest trees. The numbers of insect species that attack a single tree sometimes run into hundreds, and the individuals of each species if unchecked would soon number untold millions. Before such countless hordes man would be powerless.

Vermin Destruction

Mice and rabbits kill young trees by gnawing off the bark in winter, thus girdling them. Therefore, hawks, owls and other predatory birds that kill rodents and so tend to hold their numbers down perform an inestimable service in the forest. Most of these birds nest in the woods, and although they hunt much for field mice in the open, they feed also on squirrels, wood mice and rabbits.

Forest Guardians

We can spray orchards and shade trees with poisonous insecticides, but we would stand aghast at the impossible task of spraying all the trees in all the woods. We must perforce depend on the natural enemies of insects to protect our forests. Fortunately, birds and other foes of insects, wherever their numbers are sufficient, act as effective forest guardians.

A Noiseless Bird

The plumage of the owl is so enveloped in fine and downy filaments that its flight is noiseless. It takes its victims unawares and therefore is able to overcome animals much larger and heavier than itself.—*From The American Forestry Magazine.*

OF 76 KNOTS, HOW MANY CAN YOU TIE?

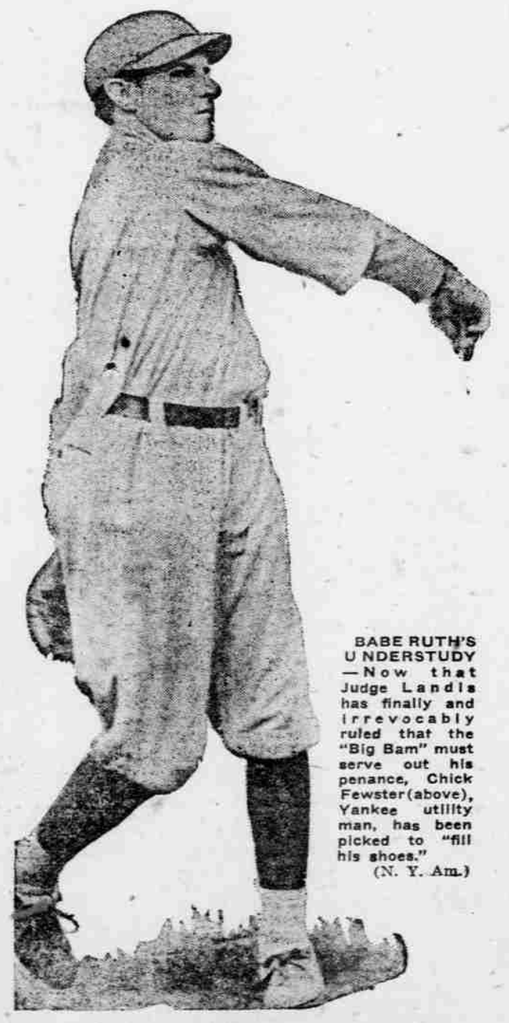
"You will often hear a person say," an old sea captain said, "that they are going to tie a knot, but few know there are seventy-six kinds of knots. The simple knot is known to everybody, but the other seventy-five are not generally known.

"Some of the knots that the public rarely hear of and yet are used daily in shipping circles are the Englishman's tie, the Staffordshire knot, the slippery hitch, the Turk's head, the running bowling knot, the harness hitch, the surgeon's knot, the clove hitch, the magnus hitch, the rolling hitch, the Spanish windlass and the wall knot."

WATER CHAMPION? NO! HE'S SENATOR

Sen. G. Wharton Pepper.

Pennsylvania, with its sturdy Dutch population, seems to run to husky statesmen. Boies Penrose was a giant. Sen. Crow is over six feet. And George Wharton Pepper is as husky as they make them. Sen. Knox was the exception which proves the rule. In addition to being a senator and a swimmer, Pepper is a catcher. Last summer he went through nine innings behind the bat.



BABE RUTH'S UNDERSTUDY—Now that Judge Landis has finally and irrevocably ruled that the "Big Bam" must serve out his penance, Chick Fewster(above), Yankee utility man, has been picked to "fill his shoes." (N. Y. Am.)

TAXIMETERED HUBBY'S KISS—Mrs. Isabelle Matteson, suing her husband in Chicago, said she trailed him in a taxi and that the meter registered a mile while he was kissing a girl. (International News Reel.)

Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook.

When A Girl Marries

By ANN LISLE.

CHAPTER 531

"Didn't you say that Lyons and Tony's car were calling for us?" I asked of Carlotta abruptly as we spun along toward our neighboring yet divergent destinations.

"That's what I understood. Rather, I took it for granted," replied Carlotta easily.

I laughed to cover my embarrassment and excitement. There was little or no likelihood that Carlotta had any idea what associations this car in which she was so calmly riding, had for me. But I flung out a "feeler" in the form of a question.

"Think we're being spirited away in some strange car by any queer chance?" I asked.

"No chance," returned Carlotta. "When I got to the steps I found this man waiting. He called me by name as neat as you please, aand told me that he was the new chauffeur for Mrs. Dalton's new car and had come to take us to Dreamwold. Of course I couldn't ask him what had become of Lyons and Tony Norrey's car. But I suppose I'll hear when I get to Virginia's"

"Had you heard Pat speak of buying a car?" I asked.

"No—but I haven't seen him for two minutes at a stretch for the last ten days. Having Neal away means that I'm at the Sturges Construction Co. all day—while Pat is tied tight to the Dalton-Sturges offices. So he might buy a couple of limousines without guetting off the more important subject of real estate long enough to discuss such a personal matter."

"Then you feel pretty sure that this is all right?" I queried, as intent on wondering where Tony's car could be as because the thought of riding thus in my own ex-car had a queer fascination for me.

"If anyone steals me—he or she is welcome," replied Carlotto, wearily. Then she brightened to ask: Funny about Tony's car. Do you think this can mean he's coming home soon?"

"It may," I responded. "We'll give him a rousing welcome—won't we, Carlotta.

Carlotta's hand flew to her heart aid she turned humid eyes on me. "Do you think it would be wicked of me to stop wearing black?" she demanded suddenly. "I hate to have him see me looking so badly. I want to—be as attractive—as I can."

What I wanted to say was: " For mercy's sake, stay in black, then, and don't go back to your flabboyant colors and checks."

But one cannot lunge at a good friend in matters of taste, so—with the cynicism born of my realization that Virginia keeps on the right side of successes—I found another angle of attack.

"You couldn't appeal more to Tony than by not looking your best. His friendship for me was born of the knowledge that I needed him. And nothing held him so strongly to Betty as his sympathy for her pride and the wounded arm which threatened to maim her. In Virginia's case there was her estrangement from Pat. You see, Tony is the squire of dames—in distress."

"I don't want his pity," flashed Carlotta unexpectedly.

"But his sympathy—your mourning is sure to appeal to that. And your pallor makes you very sweet and gentle, Carlotta. As you used to be, you would command Tony's regard and respect—his friendship; but as you are today, looking sweet and pathetic, I think you're much more likely to speak to Tony's heart. Forgive me if I've rushed in"——

"You haven't—" insisted Carlotta, "except where I invited you. I've been frank all along after a fashion. Now I'll put it in plain, simple Anglo-Saxon monosyllables. I love Tony. I want to marry him. And if life won't give me that—it has nothing worth while for me. That means I want Tony to care for me—for ME, mind you."

"For you—yes," I replied, sensing her argument. "But you are just as much you when you're showing the sweet, gentle side of your nature as when you're insisting on being self-sufficient and sturdy and independent. Tony has always liked the black-and-white-checked-suited-and -red-sailor-hatted Carlotta. Now let's see how the slim flame of a woman encased in black clouds appeals to him."

Carlotta studied me for a moment. Then she turned and gazed out across the fields sloping away on the right. Presently she turned back to me with her eyes wide and gentle.

"It wouldn't be posing? or exploiting my loss? Or making the wrong sort of appeal—one that won't make him care for the best of me, the things I long to be?"

"It will not," I replied grimly. "Men don't always see the obvious. You know that where Tony's concerned you are a loving, clinging, devoted and simple woman. He's always seen you as a sturdy business woman to be admired, but perhaps not to be desired. Show him a new physical aspect and he'll stop and wonder. Then the sweetness of which your presence is the outward symbol will penetrate his set masculine mind."

Astonishingly, Carlotta giggled:

"You're so real and simple yourself that this advice coming from you sounds as if a lambkin were telling a bulldog how to escape a fox—or telling a fox how to get the grapes on the top of the vine. However—I'll stay as I am—quiet and sbdued. I was going to try to 'pep' myself up for Tony—to laugh and try to amuse him. Perhaps that would have been playing a game more than it is just to stay as I am—with my life—empty unless he wants me."

"And if you want further advice from the good fairies—" I began, striving for a lighter note.

But Carlotta would not be swayed from the deep and earnest sincerity with which she was revealing herself to me. She leaned forward with a passionate abandon of face and voice and cried:

"Anne—do you think I'm some horrible sort of—superwoman or vamp or something? Or would you fight as I'm going to with all your heart and soul and body? Would you if you had to? Would you, I mean, supposing Jim weren't yours—supposing he belonged to some other woman, or stopped caring for you or something absurd like that?"

My hand flew to my heart. I felt my face blanch.

"Don't say such terrible things!" I cried as if the mere suggestion were making it so. Then, recovering myself, I laughed melodramatically.

"I'd fight with tooth and fist and my dying breath for Jim."

We both laughed at the heroics in my voice and words and gestures. Then, imitating my manner, Carlotta cried:

"And I'd help you—if only to keep your hands off—my man."

(To Be Continued)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Who Occupies a Unique Position In the Writing World As An Authority on the Problems of Romance

"Most women sit and wait all their lives for men to come home or to telephone them," said my friend Geneve. "If a woman isn't waiting for a man to meet her, she's waiting for him to telephone and tell her why he can't."

That's pretty cynical, and I am not one to hold with cynicism. But it's true enough that women who have nothing important to do are likely to sit around waiting for something to turn up, after the fashion of the immortal Mr. Micawber.

The busy woman,like the busy man, has something definite to occupy her attention. And so she doesn't often go through the agony of sitting and waiting for things to happen to her. She makes things happen. She doesn't palpitate in anguish while she waits for entertainment or pleasant miracles.

When I was a youngster I used to come home from high school at night wondering if I'd find a letter or if there would be a wonderful new desert or if there would be—something different in the house. It was an innocent enough yearning for change and excitement which lay at the back of my eagerness for something to happen to me. But generally it didn't happen—or if it did, it didn't matter!

Even the blessed miracle of love isn't altogether a spontaneous combustion—a thing which happens to you. It's a thing you make happen by your deserving.

No one has to sit and wait for things to come to her. Mostly they don't. But anyone can have the fun of trying to make things happen—not necessarily to herself, but in the world about her.

To be part of the creative force of life, to feel the power to construct, no matter whether it is a loaf of bread or a wonderful new poem you've maade, is to be part of the life force. To add to the world's riches is to be rich.

We can't sit around consuming and demanding eternally. Some time we've got to be constructive forces, instead of merely destructive ones.

The woman who is a producer is bound to be happier than the one who merely consumes other folks' product. And the busy woman hasn't time to make herself miserable sitting and waiting for pleasant things to befall her. She learns that there is nothing pleasanter than making things happen, than doing things.than earning her way as she goes through life.

To sit eternally, waiting for a man to telephone is bound to be a miserable performance. For even a loving devoted man is almost certain to be interested in his job—in his part of the world's work. And he can't make his business in life catering to a parasite woman who hangs about his neck demanding that he feed her flabby ego with the attentions she lives upon.

Most women who feel miserable and neglected wouldn't have time to notice a lack of little attentions and excitements in their lives if they had big jobs to keep them thinking healthily.

WOMAN EXPERT ON GOOD ROADS IS SEVENTY-TWO

Mrs. Anna M. Kendall.

Mrs. Anna M. Kendall, 72, of Deer Park, Ala., is the only woman road supervisor in the south and is known as the "grandmother of good roads." For fifty years she has studied roads in America and Europe, and is said to be one of the best posted road builders in the country. She took a course in road engineering recently with her granddaughter at the University of Wisconsin. She has charge of a section of the Mississippi valley highway.